

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

DECEMBER, 1852.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY DR. N. BANGS.

FURTHER REMARKS ON BENEVOLENCE.

IN addition to what has already been said upon the benevolent principle which operates in the heart of the holy Christian, I wish to subjoin some farther remarks upon its outward manifestations.

To see the necessity of this, let us enumerate some of those objects which call for the exercise of this charity. In the first place, there are churches to be built and supported. These include all those expenses incident to the established order of the church, such as the support of ministers, keeping the church and parsonage in repair, &c.

Secondly, there is the support of missions, Sabbath Schools, the printing and circulating of Bibles, founding and supporting academies and colleges.

Thirdly, there is providing for the poor, visiting the sick, and the distressed in mind or body.

That all these objects have a claim upon the Christian, and that he will feel this claim pressing upon him in the same proportion that he grows in grace and abounds in the love of God, must be evident to every well instructed mind. Is it not written that they that preach the Gospel, shall live of the Gospel? And he that ministereth to you in spiritual things, is it a small matter if he shall reap of your carnal things? And though St. Paul would not claim this support for himself, yet he claimed it for his breth-

ren, and enjoined it upon the Churches as a sacred duty which they owed to God and His Ministers.

He, therefore, that excuses himself from the performance of this duty, when he has wherewith to discharge it, throwing the whole burden upon others, perhaps less wealthy than himself, thereby gives evidence of his lack of Christian principle, and furnishes an irrefutable argument against the genuineness of his experience of sanctifying love — however loud or lofty his profession may be.

I am truly thankful to God that the spirit of liberality is increasing among us — that churches are built and are building not only more numerous than formerly, but much larger and more commodious in their construction; and that they are not, as formerly, left half finished, but are generally completed in a neat and substantial manner. But is the expense generally distributed among the people in proportion to their means? Do *all* take hold of this work and contribute their quota, “as God has prospered them?” I fear not. I greatly fear that while some exhibit a liberality highly becoming the Christian character, there are others who “keep back a part of the price,” and thereby evince that they love the world much stronger than they do their God, and that they are quite willing that *others should be burdened while they themselves are eased*.

Now, this spirit of covetousness is incompatible with that spirit of liberality which characterises the holy Christian. He can no more sit down contented in the quiet enjoyment of the good things of this life, and suffer the cause of God to languish, or throw the burden of its support upon other men’s shoulders, than he can allow the laborer to reap down his fields without receiving his just wages. If all the members of the Church were wholly sanctified to God, there would be no lack in this department of benevolence — if indeed it be not more proper to call it *justice*, for surely, every man is bound to bear his proportion of this necessary expense, — but churches would be built as fast as the increasing population might demand, ministers would be comfortably supported, and all parts of the work of God would go on harmoniously, energetically, and delightfully together.

I know full well that there are brethren among us, who are always ready to every good work of this sort, who evince the benevolence of their hearts by giving all in their power, and perhaps, in some instances, go even beyond themselves in striving to stretch the line of their charity; who give not only for the purpose of erecting churches in their own immediate neighborhood, but extend their donations to distant places, answering, with a

ready mind, every call that is made upon them. May God bless such generous souls, and multiply their means of doing good a thousand fold !

But while this is received with a grateful heart, it must be said, I greatly fear, with equal truth, that there are others who manifest all the littleness of the miser, who exhibit all the covetousness of the idolater, and who are content to let others reap all the reward of those who "sew plentifully." May God open their eyes that they may yet see the depth of that iniquity which lurks in their hearts, that they may be brought to abhor themselves before God, "put away the evil of their doings," and give according to to their ability.

Then there is the missionary, the Sunday School, and the Bible causes, which claim the support of the Church. I need hardly say here that in the same proportion that the heart is filled with Divine love, will all these causes draw forth our liberality. It follows, therefore, that those who can look on with cold indifference upon a perishing world, and feel no "bowels of compassion" for those who are dying in their sins, furnish no substantial evidence of their possessing "perfect love." They must not "love in word only, but in deed and in truth." They must not only evince their love in praying for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, but they must second their prayers by their alms. As I heard a minister once remark upon the missionary platform, "We want none of your prayers for the missionary cause, unless you have nothing else to give. We have been cursed with such prayers long enough. If indeed you are so poor that you have nothing more to give, then God will accept your prayers; but if you are able to give, and withhold it from penuriousness, then I beg of you not to offer your prayers, for God has been mocked with such hypocritical prayers long enough, and I beseech you, therefore, not to insult Him with any more such prayers."

Was not this a just rebuke? And can such prayers spring from a sanctified heart? Nay, surely! And let those who are abounding in wealth, and spend their money in adorning their persons, in furnishing their houses with costly furniture, in going on parties of pleasure, or otherwise squander their means in useless equipages or enjoyments, instead of bestowing it upon the cause of Christ, in some such way as above indicated, think of the awful responsibility they are assuming as the stewards of God, in thus neglecting to be "rich in good works, laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come!"

Here is one of the loudest, and most noble calls which can be made upon the benevolence of the church, and if every one of

its members were thoroughly awake to this subject, how swiftly would the gospel speed its way through the world! Instead of the heathen "perishing for lack of knowledge," the gospel would "fly as upon the wings of the wind," and soon visit the "ends of the earth" with its enlightening rays and healing balm.

It is now about eighteen hundred and eighteen years since Jesus Christ gave his commission to his apostles, and commanded them to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Has this commission ever yet been fulfilled? I believe not. For though after the day of Pentecost the gospel took a rapid flight, and though it continued its course for about three hundred years, yet there were many nations that never heard the "joyful sound." And how soon after that period did the church slide away from the purity of primitive times. Thus soon were the pure truths of the Gospel beclouded by the smoke and dust of error, and the love of the world, of ease and self-indulgence, usurp the place of the love of God and man, and thus impeded the progress of the gospel chariot! Here is the potent reason why that command has not been obeyed.

And since the revival of Christianity under the Reformation, how few, comparatively, either among preachers or people, have lived up to their distinguished privileges? How few have exerted themselves as they ought, to extend the blessings of the Gospel to those who "sit in darkness and shadows of death?"

And until the church shall arise in the strength of her Divine Head, put on her "beautiful garments of salvation," and go forth, under the influence of a holy principle, the whole earth will never be "covered with the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the great deep."

What an awful responsibility rests upon the Church! What an awful responsibility rests upon her professed ministers! These are the ones that must take the lead. They must go before the people in purity of heart, as well as in purity of doctrine. We must set an example of holy living. We must exhibit, in our temper and conduct, our deadness to the world, and that our "life is hid with Christ," in God. We must furnish an irrefutable evidence of the power of Divine truth to purify the affections from all merely fleshly appetites and passions, and to make us "holy in all manner of conversation." When this is the case, and not till then, may we say to others, "Come up higher into the favor of God. Come and drink of the pure waters of life of which we have drank, and your souls shall be refreshed."

When the Church, including ministers and people, is thus holy, thus devoted, in soul and body, in time and substance, to God,

then shall the work of God in all its branches, go on and prevail, and then shall the work of benevolence mark the spirit's conduct of all, and all will contribute their share in pushing forward the cause of Christ, in its missionary, and every other department in the immense field in which we are called to labor.

It is difficult, indeed, to conceive of the possibility of a person's enjoying the blessing of sanctification, who withholds what is needful, if he have it to spare, for the support of the institutions of the Church. Sanctification as assuredly banishes this spirit of covetousness from the heart, as that light banishes darkness, or that heat disperses cold. These two principles cannot co-exist in the same heart. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "If any man saith that he loveth God, and keepeth not his commandments, he is a liar." These two plain and positive sayings of holy Scripture, put the matter at rest respecting the utter incompatibility of our loving God while we disobey His commandments, and there is no commandment more positive than this, "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature." He, therefore, that does not do this to the best of his ability, either by preaching it himself, or by contributing to the support of those who do, contravenes this immutable law of the Saviour of the world. And surely that Church, or those members of the Church that do not put forth their utmost energies in this holy cause, give evidence of their lack of this principle of pure and perfect love. Nothing, indeed, can be more certain than this. And I have dwelt the longer upon this branch of the subject, because I think it is not considered with that seriousness which its importance demands.

We are ready enough to say, "What shall we eat, and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed;" but who of us says, "*What shall I do, the most effectually to extend the Redeemer's kingdom among men?*" How shall I expend my surplus wealth in a way that it may contribute to aid in fulfilling the high behest of heaven? Shall I expend it in adorning my person with costly apparel, in furnishing my house with the richest furniture, and in needless self-indulgence? or shall I contribute a due proportion of it to support missions, to build churches, to circulate the Bible, and to sustain all those institutions of the church which have for their object the conversion of the world?" These are questions which I would press home upon myself and all my readers. And I would point them especially to the consciences of all those who profess the enjoyment of sanctification. No doubt many of those, and perhaps the great majority of them, give substantial evidence of the genuineness of their faith by their good works. They not only profess this blessing with their lips, but

but they also bring forth the fruits of it in their lives, not only in the plainness of their dress and manners, but in the liberality of their donations for the advancement of the cause of Christ. These are "lights in the world." They are ornaments of Christianity. They are the living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men, and they furnish an irrefutable evidence of the power of Divine grace to save from all sin.

But are there not others who profess this blessing, who, by their covetousness, give equally strong evidence that they are deceiving their own souls, and thus imposing upon their fellow-men? These are stumbling blocks in the way of those who are seeking an excuse for their unbelief. The littleness, the meanness, the penuriousness of their souls, make them a laughing-stock to their neighbors, and furnish the witling with matter on which he feeds his appetite for ridicule, for profane sarcasm, and for the indulgence of his unbelief. Hence, all such "feast upon the sins of God's people." Though they furnish no just excuse for their objections to "pure and undefiled religion," yet they seize upon those rotten professors, and devour them with all the voraciousness that the vulture does the carrion in the wilderness.

Now, my object is, first, if any way practicable, to convince all such of their error; and then, secondly, to induce them to "repent and do their first works;" to give evidence of their repentance, by bringing "forth works meet for repentance," that they may no longer lie in the way of the progress of the Gospel.

"Peace, rash fool! be proud no more;
Count thy faults and follies o'er,
Turn aside, and note within
Thy secret charnel house of sin,
Thy bitter heart, thy COVETOUS mind,
Evil thoughts, and words unkind;
Can so foul and mean a thing
Reign a spiritual king?"

So sings a poet of no common power. And surely his pointed question must be answered in the negative, and therefore every person in whom "those evil thoughts and words unkind" are found, gives evidence of that "covetous mind," which marks him as destitute of that perfection of love which is necessary to constitute the perfect character, for all such are distinguished by that liberality which leads to acts of charity and kindness, and prompts to an active zeal in the cause of God. By his deeds of charity, he lays up "treasure in heaven!"

ORIGINAL.

MY THREE FRIENDS.

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS," ETC.

THREE of the dearest, sweetest friends of my heart have recently gone to mingle with the blood-washed worshippers around the throne. Each had borne a noble testimony by lip and life, while in health, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. Allelujah! They overcame by the *blood* of the Lamb, and by the *word* of their testimony. O, it is fitting in view of these who are now the forever saved of the Lord, these glorious specimens of the entire renewings of grace, of its power to transform to the uttermost in heart and in life—it is indeed fitting, now that they are forever safe beyond earthly contingencies, that one long, loud burst of praise should not only sound forth from the white robed inhabitants of glory, but from us who were their fellow pilgrims on earth—we who read the daily epistle of their lives—we who heard their repeated and thrilling testimonies—we who witnessed their glorious departure from time, and who by faith know of the abundant entrance ministered unto them into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. O yes, it is fitting that our stricken hearts should unite with the angel choir in chorus. Allelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

REV. B. CREAGH

was the first of these three dear ones who passed from earth to glory. I think you had some personal knowledge of him when you were in this city, four or five years ago, as he was at that time pastor of the Allen St. Church. It has now been but three or four weeks since he

"Took his last triumphant flight,
From Calvary to Zion's height."

Victory! *victory!* VICTORY! through the blood of the Lamb!
was his triumphant shout, as he pressed his way through the buf-

feting billows of Jordan. Who can ever forget the humble, holy, adoring aspirations of this able minister of the New Testament? While he had a lively and ever inspiring view of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, he was not unmindful that the attributes of justice, truth, and infinite holiness were to be recognized by erring man as equally important. The pervading sentiment of his confiding, humble heart could hardly be more fully portrayed than by his oft repeated stanzas, —

“Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood.”

Brother C. was a man not only mighty in the Scriptures, but mighty in prayer. Few so fully obey the admonition, “Praying with all prayer and intercession for all saints.” He was a spiritual worshipper. He had penetrating views of the spirituality of God’s law. And though he did not forget that “Love is the fulfilling of the law,” yet he saw that the love recognized by God as truly evangelical, ever produces loving, careful obedience. Professions of perfect love, where scrupulous obedience to the commandments was not apparent, were abhorrent to him. Lightness or frivolity in expression or manner, in those professing this grace, were subjects of oft spoken regret. He never spoke lightly of a state of justification, but took the Bible view of it, regarding it as a state of continuous freedom from condemnation before God, and only to be enjoyed by those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. To live thus in a state of continuous progression, must as surely bring a soul into the enjoyment of

“The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness,”

as that the Israelites must have necessarily come up to the promised land, had they steadily progressed thitherward, in obedience to the command of God. In order to retain a state of justification, holiness must be the mark. And so we feel that Brother C. would say, could he now speak, and so do we feel that he would now, as he speaks from eternity, have us urge upon the church.

About the time he entered upon the ministry, when young in years and in grace, he sought and obtained the blessing of holiness. He did not continue long at this time in possession of the witness, but lost it as Fletcher did on first receiving it, and as thousands of others have lost it, — that is, by not confessing with the mouth. Never shall I forget his expressions of regret on mentioning this, his loss of the witness of perfect love. Years had passed, yet the recollection seemed ever fresh. It was on an occasion when he had enjoyed an opportunity in the old John St. Church, in New York, for making a profession of his own heart realizations of the faith that appropriates the all cleansing blood. He refused to do it, and the result in his case was the same as in the case of thousands. And his regret on losing the grace was probably as keen as in the case of Fletcher.

I was with him on an occasion when he regained this grace. So thrilling and instructive was the interview in its details, that I will briefly relate my recollections of it. I had been speaking of the fountain open in the house of David — of the privilege of the sincere and earnest believer to plunge at any moment in this ever open fountain. When he replied, "Sister —, I have a great veneration for the teachings of Wesley. I think that no man since the days of the apostles has come nearer inspiration than he. Mr. Wesley says the soul is often more painfully convicted previous to receiving entire sanctification, than prior to receiving justification. It seems to me that I have not had these painful convictions. I replied,

"Brother C., I have known you over twenty years, and seldom have I seen you but you have said something expressive of your deep feeling on this subject. Now, suppose all the painful conviction of the past twenty years was brought up within the compass of a few months, would it not amount to painful conviction?"

"Surely, it would."

"Well, some are not convicted over a few months for this blessing, and others not over a few weeks. And if all the feeling you have had on this subject were brought up within the compass of a few weeks, would it not have been painful conviction?"

"O, it would have been painful indeed!" I then remarked

that others were only convicted a few days previous to the reception of holiness. Now think of all the conviction of the past twenty years brought up within the compass of a few short days, would it not be painful?"

His very nature seemed to shudder at the thought of what would be the poignancy of such long continued feeling, if thus concentrated, and he fairly yielded the point. When, knowing that *Christ* was our only *Saviour*, and not our *convictions*, I earnestly inquired,

"Brother C., if you knew you were going to die in two minutes, what would you do?"

"I would cast myself on the infinite merits of my Saviour."

"Do you think he would save you?"

"Yes, *I*, even *I*, through his precious merits, would be saved!"

"What, from *all* sin?"

"Yes!"

"From all iniquity, from all,
He would *my* soul redeem!"

"What! without any more conviction?" I asked.

At this point he manifested much emotion, and amid tears and smiles exclaimed, "O Sister —, you have cornered me!"

That morning, he did cast himself wholly on the infinite merits of his Saviour, and experienced the blessedness of full salvation through his blood. On the evening of that eventful day, in the Seventh St. Church, I heard him witness a good confession before many witnesses, of the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost.

And gloriously was the grace which saves to the uttermost exhibited in his parting moments. A more triumphant departure from earth has seldom been witnessed. "The sting of death is sin." Sin having been destroyed, the sting of death was gone. The last enemy was vanquished. Victory covered the whole ground, for now had come to pass the saying, "Death is swallowed up of victory."

AMANDA.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the Christian when he dies."

The next to pass over was Sister Amanda Armstrong. You may remember her. She was a member of my class, and also a steady attendant on the Tuesday afternoon meeting. Never shall I forget her heaven glowing countenance in the class room. Often have I thought, as I have witnessed her face lighted with holy joy, that I could scarcely conceive of a sight more angelic. She was comparatively a youthful disciple, but to more than an ordinary degree did her life exhibit the beauty of holiness. She had been but about four years in the heavenly way. Early in her religious career she took the higher walk of the Christian. Quickly did she enter the highway of holiness, and in four years made more rapid advancement in wisdom and in Christian stature than many do in a forty years' pilgrimage. She brought forth the fruits of holiness, and gave promise of abundant fruitfulness. I had fondly hoped that the Lord intended her for some sphere of extended usefulness. But the Lord had a work for her in the upper sanctuary.

The poet could not more truly have sang, than of our dear Sister Amanda, —

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Softer than the summer breeze."

I watched her as she buffeted the waves of Jordan. But when her spirit landed, my eyes were holden. But sure she landed safely, for she bore the image of the heavenly. The eyes of my faith saw her enter the heavenly city, for she was robed in her bridal garments. Having complied with the conditions upon which purification is promised, she had laid hold on the promises, and cleansed herself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. And thus she was made meet to see the King in His beauty. What a shout there must have been in the regions of immortality,

when her pure spirit entered and joined the angel worshippers around the throne.

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

The funeral sermon of Amanda was preached yesterday afternoon, in the Norfolk Street Church.

CHARLOTTE.

"Lovely in life, and in death not divided."

And yet another has departed, not less lovely or less beloved than the sweet Amanda. Charlotte Grant and Amanda A. were twin spirits. Both together walked with Christ in white, and with lamps trimmed and burning awaited the coming of the bridegroom. Amanda was called but two days previous to Charlotte, and said, "Tell Charlotte I go but a little before her, and will be there to welcome her when she comes." Sister Charlotte was also for some years a member of my class. She received the blessing of entire sanctification about nine months after her conversion. Few have more eminently adorned the profession. The now sainted Creagh (who passed into the heavens but a few days before Charlotte,) said to a friend as he passed out of her residence for the last time, "I think there are few purer spirits out of heaven, than Charlotte." He often spoke of the grace of God as exhibited in her, and had made arrangements to preach her funeral sermon. But he passed through the vale of mortality before his beloved friend, and was doubtless among the ministering spirits awaiting to bear her to the abodes of immortality. On Thursday evening last, dear Charlotte went triumphantly home. While she was about leaving her earthly house, she threw up her arms as if ready to leap up in indescribable extacy. Her eye appeared to be fixed in admiring recognition, on one object after another which seemed to present themselves to her eager vision. Doubtless, she saw not only the dear ones we have mentioned, but a dear father who had a few months preceded her, with other of the shining hosts who had come to welcome her to the paradise of

God. Precious friends, how ye are leaving me! But said dear Charlotte, "I shall not love you less in heaven. No! long as eternal ages roll, shall I love you more and more." Well,

"There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to a happier sphere.

"Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day, —
Nor sink those stars in empty night, —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE GUIDE.

LETTER FROM MADAME GUION

TO MR. B., OF LONDON.

April, 1714.

You desire that God should be the principal and only motive of your inclinations and actions, but this you will never attain by mere vocal prayers; it is only to be reached by long and indefatigable perseverance in mental prayer, which you must continue by the easy means you have taken, and it will come by degrees. You see, we cannot silence ourselves when we please; it is God who gives us this state of mind;* all that we can do on our part is, strenuously *to recollect ourselves*, and reunite (as David says,) *all the powers of our souls in the Lord.*† And when the soul is thus gathered within itself and recollected, it may address itself

* The preparations of the heart in man and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord. — *Prov. 16: 1.*

† — all that is within me bless his holy name. — *Ps. 103: 1.*

to its God in some little, affectionate breathings of the heart, just as they come into the mind and afterwards keep in a silent respect before him. If it find a facility in doing it, it may now and then renew its affections; but if not, let it keep perfect silence.

God has two ways of silencing the soul; the one by giving it inwardly *a sense of his presence*, (but this is pure, simple and general,) and the other by causing it to *feel in itself a certain dryness or inability* to produce these acts of affection. In this latter case, we ought to remain before God in a spirit of faith and absolute resignation, leaving ourselves entirely in the hands of our Lord, to be dealt with just as he pleases. Every thing here depends upon perseverance; never, then, give up prayer, although you may think you are accomplishing nothing, for at such times your humble patience is infinitely well pleasing to God; nay, *it is then that He operates most effectually* in your soul, though in a manner unknown and hidden to your senses. This kind of prayer is not subject to delusion or enthusiasm, for *faith* embraces the whole, and does not expect or desire any thing for itself. This faith has but one object, which is God—his glory and his good pleasure—which it prefers to all self-interests, and this it is that produces the pure love that loves *the whole of God*, both what he is and for his own sake only, without reference to what we ourselves are.

The silence which some persons profess and recommend, is very different from this. They are still *because they expect to receive some illumination, some word, or some new sentiment*; they are not seeking God *for himself alone*, and are thus exposed to the enemy, who deceives them by giving them a thousand extraordinary things. These are very far indeed from the way whereof we speak, for it is simple, humble, little; it expects nothing, for it knows it deserves nothing, and it is firmly persuaded that these extraordinary manifestations are rather an obstacle to the *pure* enjoyment of God.

Continue, therefore, to persevere in your prayer, be it barren or fruitful, hard or easy; all things are alike to him who has no will but the will of God, and who comes to Him only that He may do his pleasure in him. It would be a deplorable evidence

of inconstancy, to be varying from this way under the pretence that we must proceed now in this mode and now in that. God *proves* the fidelity of the soul by these *vicissitudes*, as he does by temptations and the fear of mistaking; but provided you humbly persevere, you have nothing to fear; the devil can take no hold on you; but those who desire extraordinary *gifts and favors* become the sport of devils.

I do not doubt but there have been and now are, among such persons, many well-meaning people, who, by their credulity, have left themselves open to delusion; for the natural man always loves the marvellous; he would fain see, feel, know and discern either his own operations or those of some foreign agent, and this may deceive him. But he that humbly continues before God, not waiting in expectation of anything, well knowing that he deserves nothing, but content with whatever God pleases to do or not to do in him or with him, such an one is in a high degree well-pleasing to God.

I think we ought always to have some innocent outward business, for the mind of man is not capable of being continually turned inwards in abstract contemplation and when we begin too eagerly, we seldom hold out. We must amuse our senses, *like children*, with things that are innocent in themselves, and this little, humble procedure will draw down upon us the tender mercies of our God, who has told us that *except we become as little children, we shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*. Violence in this case, if it be too strong and too continual, may ruin our health and deprive us of the designs of God, who does all his work in a manner worthy of himself, though, it is true he does not make our senses privy to them.

Of this we may see many instances in nature. The root of a tulip, hid in the ground, seems to be but a very insignificant thing, yet, when the season is come, it produces a flower of various colors and very beautiful to the eye. If a man that had heard of a tulip but had never seen one, should be told that that bulb could produce so beautiful a flower, he would scarce believe it; and if, through impatience, he would be often taking up his tulip-root out of the earth to see the process and ascertain whether it had begun

to shoot or not, he would certainly incapacitate it for putting forth and producing its excellent flower. And thus it is with us; when we will be *seeing, discerning and knowing* WHAT God operates in us, we only hinder his work.* There is nothing wanting on our part but *fidelity, patience, submission, and absolute resignation* to our divine gardener, who in his own time will let us see the wonderful things he hath wrought in us, while we thought ourselves poor, miserable, and destitute of all goods.

Our failings and miseries should not keep us from prayer, but, on the contrary, we should then go to God, and say to him with an humble grief: "My God, behold what I am capable of; if Thou leave me to myself I shall do still worse; my whole dependance is upon thy grace; as for me, I am nothing but misery and sin." A little child that is fallen into the dirt, comes immediately, you see, to its mother, who makes it clean and even wipes away the tears from its eyes; and thus God deals with us when we fall through frailty, if we at once return to him with all our heart. David, who knew the necessity of acting thus in this case, says to God: "Wash me and I shall be clean, purge me and I shall be whiter than snow." It is the blood of the Lamb without spot that can make us pure, and he will do it when we return to him in humble confusion at our miseries. There is nothing of extraordinary illuminations or extacies in this; it is the pure prayer of the heart.

Take courage, then, and follow the lowly path I have here shewn you without aspiring to greater things; for, be assured, it is nothing but a passion for our own excellency that makes us so forward to change our course or to advance of ourselves, according to our own foolish conceptions, whereby instead of proceeding, we go backward and oftentimes lose all by grasping at too much.

I pray God to illuminate and give you to understand this letter. I must however warn you (and it is of the utmost consequence,) to die to all spiritual *sensibilities* and curious enquiries, that so

* So is the kingdom of God as if a man should cast seed into the ground. — Mark 4: 26.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. — Eccles. 11: 4.

you may enter into an implicit faith *which believeth all things* ;* for your will must die to all tastes and sentiments, by a continual resignation receiving and acquiescing in that state inwardly which God gives or withholds, and in that outwardly which happens to us from moment to moment from the hand of Providence ; and thus accustom yourself never to will that which you have not. Upon the practice of this continual submission of the will to God depends all progress in the spiritual life and the good of the soul ; this it is that confers perfect repose in the will of God ; this it is for which our Lord Jesus Christ bade us pray, when he dictated the petition, "*thy will be done in earth as it is done in Heaven.*" It is done in Heaven without resistance or reluctance.

All the outward works that we can do, be they what they will, will not, cannot, advance us as this *total and continual submission of our will* to the Divine, most infallibly will. This is the renunciation of ourselves that Jesus Christ taught us, continually to submit our reason to faith and our will to God. And this is what I require of you, that you simply enter on this course, which you see is a work of time.

Faith brings us back to our own nothingness, and by our not being any thing leaves God to be all that He is in himself and for himself. Love is the consequence of faith ; the more simple and naked the faith, the purer the love ; and, on the other hand, faith is the consequence of love ; the more perfect the love, the more complete the faith. In the way of which I here speak and have written so much, we are screened from *the angel of darkness, who can transform himself into an angel of light but not into an angel of LOVE.*

Let us descend by love, faith, humility ; keeping ourselves in our own nothingness, and we need not fear falling. I require of you, in the name of God, that you preserve an inviolable attachment to this way, *without wavering.* I assure you that they who pursue this method are founded upon the living rock, Christ Jesus. The devil puts doubts and uncertainties into the soul, in order to make it fickle and inconstant and to keep it from persevering ;

* 1 Cor. 13 : 7.

because he knows great good will accrue to it thereby and that this divests him of all his right and power over it. Wherefore he stirs up all the world to prevent, if possible, any one's following Jesus Christ in this path which He himself traced out for us.

Biography.

ORIGINAL.

MRS. MARY A. MITCHELL.

CONCLUDING PART OF A FUNERAL DISCOURSE PREACHED IN THE M. E. CHURCH, PIQUA, O., 1852.

BY REV. M. P. GADDIS, OF CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

"Weep ye not for the dead."—Jer. xxii. 10.

[Concluded.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Co-EXTENSIVE with the foregoing irregular notes, she kept up a correspondence with Sister Rayner, upon the subject of her religious experience in its connection with the doctrine of Christian perfection; a few extracts from which will tend to show how earnestly she panted for the refreshing waters of eternal life. Under date of December 23, 1849, alluding to the departure of her husband to California, she remarks:—

"At first I could not speak of it without weeping—but I found this feeling unfitted me for *my duties*, and I just gave *my case over into the hands* of the Lord, and asked him for strength to bear up under every trial that I might be called to undergo. *I obtained immediate relief.*"

* * * The Lord remove every thing from me this world calls comfortable, rather than withdraw from me his favor, or induce me

to remove my cause out of his hands. I desire to be "dead to the world" and "alive to Christ." I will never be satisfied without a "clean heart."

Extract from Letter No. 2.

April 19, 1849.

* * * I have had sore temptations, and some most precious seasons. O, how good it is, after a severe conflict with the enemy, to receive a *special* manifestation of the Divine favor—to be filled with his "fulness." How sweet is union and fellowship with the Saviour! How delightful it is to have the Lord REIGN and RULE in our hearts *without a rival*. I feel willing to *suffer or rejoice*, just as he deems it best. O, may *my will* be always lost in the will of God. The language of my heart is,—"Lord, if thou seest it necessary for me to suffer in order that I may advance in holiness, I submit."

No. 3.

Piqua, Feb. 5, 1850.

* * * I thank the Lord that he led you to feel an interest in the welfare of one so unworthy as myself. I have felt, in my affliction, (*i. e.* her husband's death,) the influence of the prayers offered in my behalf by *you* and others of my Christian friends. Severe as was the stroke, I recognized in it the hand of Him who is "too wise to err," and have been supported and strengthened beyond all my expectations. I felt that the Lord had given him to me, and the Lord had taken him away, and I praise His holy name that he enabled me to say, "*blessed be the name of the Lord.*" I am thankful for the few short years that I was permitted to enjoy his society; and even now, though separated by death, I realize great pleasure in the thought, that as a ministering spirit he may be permitted of the Lord to minister to my spiritual comfort. I feel that I ought to devote myself more fully to the Lord. If I can do any thing to advance the Redeemer's kingdom I am willing to do it. O, how weak, and helpless, and good-for-nothing I am! Pray that I may be quickened to see my duty, and that I may have grace to perform it. It matters not what this world may think of me,—*I desire neither its smiles or favors.* I am

only *sojourning here*. The time is rapidly hastening on when I shall take my exit for better climes. Praise the Lord for the blissful hope of immortality.

“How happy is the pilgrim’s lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear;
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;—
He only sojourns here.”

I rejoice at the prospect of meeting my *Christian friends in Heaven*, and I often have a desire to take my departure—yet still I feel willing to bide the Lord’s “time.”

No. 4.

April 22, 1851.

* * * I fear sometimes that you may think me better than I am. Could you look into my poor heart, you might be led to think quite differently. O, this *bundle of weakness*! Nevertheless, I will strive to do my duty. I was greatly blessed on Sabbath last, while speaking of Christ’s cleansing power. I believe had I come out more pointedly on that subject, I should have received a greater blessing. I am often restrained by my timidity; but I praise the Lord that he enabled me, so far to gain a victory over the enemy, as to say what little I did. Tongue can not express the happiness I feel.

The poet has well described it as

“The solemn awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

I dare not attempt to give it utterance, lest my voice should disturb the power of the Spirit on my soul. O, that the image of Christ may shine more and more perfectly in my poor heart.

No. 5.

Piqua, October 9, 1851.

In writing on religious subjects, I often get a rich feast to my poor soul. This encourages me to believe that such a course has the Lord’s approval. My soul delighteth in the Lord; “in his law

doth it meditate, day and night." The *Lord is my portion, in Him will I dwell*. He is my friend, guide, counsellor,—*in Him will I trust*. When my lonely situation presents itself, the picture looks gloomy. Yet I feel that I can commit myself into the hands of the Lord. I believe he will order all things aright. If I should be called to endure suffering, *it is but momentary*, when compared to eternity. My days and years are fast passing away. The thought that possibly my *last day and last hour* are near at hand, so far from filling me with dread, *gives me pleasure*. Yet when I compare my *imperfect nature* with the pure and holy beings that inhabit that Heavenly Country, I feel that I am not fit to enjoy their society. But I am encouraged by the Word of God to believe that if I am faithful, he will make me meet for His heavenly kingdom. (Then after a glowing description of the heavenly world, she adds :) Is it a matter of wonder that we should feel desirous to leave this mortal vale and go and join the happy company in that bright world above. Yet with patience it is our duty to wait all the days of our appointed time, until our change come. The thought that this body shall lie *mouldering in the earth* occasions no unpleasant sensation. The Lord will take care of my dust and raise it in the resurrection day.

Since I last wrote to you I have had some precious seasons at the "*nine o'clock hour*," and have felt at times as though I were growing in grace. Yet O I need the all atoning merits of Jesus *daily—hourly*; I wish ever to be near or in this fountain. Purity! O, thou precious gem! be thou ever mine. May the graces of the Spirit dwell richly in my heart, that I may thus become more and more conformed to my Saviour's image. And O, may I be willing to drink the bitter cup of AFFLICTION HERE, that I may be permitted to partake of the CUP OF JOY IN HEAVEN. Pray for your unworthy sister.

Yours in Christ,

MARY A. MITCHELL.

From these extracts, you may see, how God had been preparing her for glory. As she advanced in religious experience, her views became clearer and more enlarged, as to the

nature and extent of Gospel salvation, and the privileges and enjoyments to which she was called. I became acquainted with this devoted child of God, soon after my arrival on this station. Since then I have had many opportunities of observing her character, and I hesitate not in saying, that the more I have seen of her the more have I been led to admire her many Christian virtues. But it was not the purpose of our Heavenly Father to expose His child any longer to the temptations and trials of the world. "The time of her departure was at hand." On the 15th day of last November her beloved sister Caroline, who occupied the same room and bed with her, was attacked with *Typhoid Pneumonia*, and was very sick for nearly four weeks. Mrs. Mitchell watched by her couch of pain with unwearied attention until her recovery. Miss Mary Keyt, a distant connection, left in the care of the family during the absence of her father in California, was next attacked, and continued very ill for about four weeks. On last New Year's day, Miss Sarah Jane Keyt, Mrs. Mitchell's youngest sister, was brought down with the same disease, and died on the 10th of January. Her brother Stephen was next attacked and was sick *four days*. The Mother was then taken ill with Erysipelas, and continued unwell for *nine days*. Three days after the recovery of the mother, on the 30th January, Mrs. Mary Ann Mitchell was violently attacked with Typhoid Pneumonia. Her disease soon assumed a most malignant type, but we all hoped for the best, and prayed ardently for her recovery. I had visited the family often during this period of deep distress and bereavement, and always found Mrs. Mitchell cheerful and resigned, walking softly in the chamber of sickness from one couch to another, like a ministering angel. I never heard a word of repining escape from her lips; although she seemed to feel the death of her youngest sister most deeply. Her submissive and subdued heart could say,

"My father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best."

But at length, wearied and broken down by long and painful watching and exposure to an *infected* atmosphere, we now find her

stretched upon a couch of pain. My dear hearers, do you ask how was it with her in her last hours? I answer, "it was well." At each successive daily visit I found her gradually growing worse, but calm, peaceful, and patient. On asking her how she felt, she replied, "Jesus is very precious,—I feel that I am safe in his hands." On the Thursday before her death, I was with her about two o'clock, P. M. She was then very ill, but I found her in the same calm, peaceful, and trusting state of mind. Before my departure, and after prayer that evening, she made a remark which I hope ever to remember,—"*Never go away without prayer!*" Late in the evening she was seized with an alarming depression of the nervous system, and a sudden determination of her disease to the brain. Another physician was called, and every thing that human skill or wisdom could devise, was promptly done to arrest the fatal malady—but all in vain. She knew her hour had come. During her severest illness she was enabled to exercise entire resignation to the will of God, and at last departed in the confident expectation of eternal life.

In view of her happy exit it becomes us to say to you all in the language of the text, "Weep ye not for the dead." She has conquered all her foes, and fought her last battle. To-day she is at rest. Her repose is calm, and undisturbed by our bitter anguish. And methinks if she could speak to us at this moment from the heights above, she would say, "Weep not for me."

A few incidents relating to her last moments may not be uninteresting.

Early on Friday morning, I was called to her dying bed. She had been very ill during the night, but like her Lord, had spent the "night in prayer." The scene in that dying chamber I shall not attempt to describe. It was one of moral grandeur. I felt that I was in the "audience chamber of Deity." For a time, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, my sorrow was stirred." While the doctor was applying leeches to her temples, I went into the family sitting room, and opened "the old family Bible that lay on the stand," and my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing these words of the psalmist, "That they may know that this is thy hand, that thou, Lord, hast done it." The word was applied

by the Spirit to my heart. It was "the hand of the Lord that had done it," and why should we murmur or say unto Him, What doest thou? My soul did magnify the Lord, and I was ready to exclaim, "He doeth all things well."

I returned again to the chamber of death, to witness the triumph of the suffering over the fears of dissolution and the grave. Physical anguish was legibly written on every lineament of her face; and such, indeed, for several hours was the violence of her disease, that the mind, at times, did not maintain its balance. Yet to my astonishment and great joy, even amid her wildest ravings, her heart seemed to point to her Saviour, and her countenance was radiant with immortal hope. Her lucid moments were filled up with incessant prayer, and expressions of resignation to the will of God. The short and expressive petition of the Syrophœnician woman, she repeated many times during the day. "Lord, help me! Lord, help me! Lord, help me just now! O, the power of faith! Jesus help me! *Come, dear Jesus, and come quickly!* Thy will be done! It must be done! *It shall be done!* Not mine but thine, my dear Saviour!" About twelve o'clock the violence of this paroxysm was over and the storm entirely subsided. And when all had left the room but myself, she turned to me and said, "Brother Gaddis, have I said or done anything *wrong?*" I replied "No, unless it is wrong to pray and praise." She then said, "If I have, I know Jesus will forgive me."

On Sabbath, her life apparently hung in doubt. But during all this time, she had no fearful forebodings of the final and fatal result of her affliction; which she seemed fully to understand, and occasionally make known. "Why," said she to me, on one occasion, "do you not all give me up, and let me go? I have no desire to live."

On Sabbath evening, knowing that the time of her departure was very near, she called her mother to her bedside, and gave her some instructions in regard to the settlement of her temporal affairs with the same calmness and fortitude which had characterized the last few years of her life. After disposing of her personal estate, the last words of tenderness and affection were uttered to surviving friends.

Her work was now done, and she waited with calmness the final

issue. During the night, she would often say, "*Dear Saviour, come! The power of faith! I am nothing! Glorify thyself! Glorify thyself! Glorify thyself! Lord God of hosts, God of Jacob, come! The Lord can save me! My Saviour! My Saviour! come now!*"

The disease continued to rage with unabated violence, until her frail barque was completely dismantled. But, blessed be God, she was now drawing near the harbor. Raising her voice, and pointing with her hands to Heaven, she exclaimed, "*The Lord Omnipotent reigneth! Now glorify thyself! Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly! Amen and amen!*"

As long as she could converse, she gave the clearest testimony that although the tempest raged without, all was calm and peaceful within. The last time I prayed with her at her own request, she remarked, "You must pray, but I am too weak now to follow you in my mind; but I can listen." On Sabbath night, as the earthly tabernacle was gradually dissolving, and the cold waves of Jordan were dashing about her pilgrim feet, she would exclaim, "O, the power of faith! Precious Jesus! He can save me!" And while with slow and measured tread she went down into the cold waters of the death stream, she proclaimed, at each successive step, "FIRM! FIRM!! FIRM!!! IN THE LORD."

On Monday, with her own consent, she was removed into the front parlor, soon after which, the power of articulation failed, and she continued gradually to sink, until 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, at which time she "fell asleep in Jesus."

We omit the concluding address to surviving friends in this discourse, for want of room. [ED.]

THE BOUNDLESS LOVE OF CHRIST. — How little of the sea a child can carry away in his hand. As little do I take away from that great sea — *the boundless love of Christ.*

Editorial Miscellany.

A CHAPTER ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE PAST YEAR, — A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

WE have at last reached the closing number of the present year. It becomes us to take a brief retrospect of the past, and enquire of ourself and readers what progress has been made in the Divine life. The past has been, in some respects, a year of sore trial to many of the lovers of holiness. It commenced with a controversy on this subject, which, though engaged in for the ostensible purpose of checking real or imaginary abuses of the doctrine, was conducted, in our humble judgment, in a manner wholly subversive of this end. During the year, other events have occurred in different parts of our Zion, which have been calculated to make the friends of holiness sad. But God has graciously overruled all to his glory, and the promotion of truth. From all parts of our own country and the Canadas, we hear the most encouraging intelligence of the advancement of our cause. The work has been steadily progressing, and the number of witnesses constantly increasing. To God be all the praise. Hosanna in the highest! While we rejoice at the advancement and triumph of this precious grace, it may not be out of place for us to enquire of each of our readers, and especially those who have passed through some of the ordeals to which we have alluded, whether the work of grace in their hearts has kept pace with the progress of truth in the world? If you have maintained your union with the Vine — if, instead of casting away your confidence, you have stood “fast in the liberty with which Christ made you free,” it is needless to ask the question, — that very union will have led you to give all diligence “to add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.” And “if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.” But have not your temptations in a measure affected your faith? Coming in a guise that you little expected, has not Satan gained some advantage? Examine your hearts, beloved, — do you find there the charity which “suffereth long, and is kind” — the meekness, the humility, the heavenly mindedness of our great Pattern? In contending for what you believed to be truth, and opposing what you believed to be error, have you in heart, word, or manner, felt or expressed anything that has conflicted with the principles of perfect love? If so, remember that “if we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Go to that fountain, wash and be clean, — and as you commence a new year, enter afresh into covenant with your covenant-keeping God. Among our numerous readers, there are many who have “not yet attained” to the experience of this rich grace, but who, believing it to be Scriptural, and deeply convinced of its importance, peruse with interest whatever relates to the subject. Such we would exhort to receive, without delay, Christ as a Saviour from all sin, through

the medium of simple faith. How beautifully and clearly has "the way" been illustrated in the various experiences which you have read the past year. Follow, beloved, in the footsteps of those whose exercises have interested you so deeply. "I find," says the author of *Letters to a Young Christian*, "in reading religious writings of a practical or experimental kind, that the thoughts must not only be weighed and received, but *acted upon*, otherwise I am likely to let them slip." How much is lost by neglecting to observe this simple rule. There is not a spiritual blessing that God has vouchsafed to any of his creatures, but that he is willing to bestow on you. Use the same means, and God will communicate the same grace.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW — ITS INFLUENCE FOR GOOD AND EVIL.

The great reduction in postage on periodicals and other printed matter, will tend very much to increase their circulation. While we rejoice at the influence this may have in diffusing religious knowledge, we tremble in view of the facilities it affords for the spread of that poisonous trash usually denominated "light literature." Let the friends of truth be on the alert, and while the enemy is sowing tares, let them be active in scattering the good seed. The prevailing morbid taste for error, will render the dissemination of such books a much more inviting field to agents than the diffusion of truth. But, thanks be to God, there are other motives that sway the human heart, beside the simple love of gain. The following incident will tend to show the spirit which God is waking up, and on which we rest our main dependance in the prosecution of our enterprize. At the commencement of our present volume in July, we received a letter from a sister in Christ, personally a stranger to us, enclosing twenty six dollars, all of which, (excepting one dollar for her own subscription,) was for new subscribers, which she had obtained through considerable effort in her own and neighboring towns. Supposing that they had been obtained with reference to the premium offered for twenty five new subscribers, we wrote to know how the books should be sent, and received, in substance, the following answer: —

"I am satisfied with the reward of a consciousness that I am doing good."

We relate the above, not to induce our friends to relinquish their claims upon us, — for as far as our enterprize will justify it, we are willing to remunerate them for their trouble — but to show how much might be done by our Sisters who are interested in the spread of holiness, in increasing the circulation of the *Guide*, and what motive should actuate in this work. While vigorous efforts will be made, in view of the reduction of postage, to palm upon the religious, as well as others, publications of a questionable character, may we not indulge the hope that the friends of holiness, particularly our Sisters in Christ, (for females make the most efficient agents,) will exert themselves in inducing every sincere enquirer after truth to subscribe for a copy of the *Guide*? For postage under the new law, and other particulars, see *Guide* cover.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications are on hand from "Ida," "L.," "M.," "B. M. C.," and others, all of which will appear in due time.

"A Lover of Consistency and Christlikeness" may rest assured that no one has control of the *Guide* but its Editor. No article prepared by either of the persons

to whom allusion is made, has ever been rejected from its pages. Their communications are always hailed with pleasure, and many of them may be found in the numbers of the past year, though probably under signatures which are not recognized. Will our correspondent do us the kindness to give *name and address*, that we may communicate farther on the subject? We are desirous of removing, as far as possible, any ground of complaint against the Guide.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We invite the attention of Subscribers to what may be found on Guide Cover.

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUIDE.

FROM OCT. 1, 1852, TO NOV. 5, 1852.

\$	PAYS TO	\$	PAYS TO	\$	PAYS TO
Athearn Z A	1 July '53	Fay Mrs Mary	1 July '53	Penington H B	4 July '53
Alley Mrs W	1 July '53	Frost Miss S R	1 Jan '54	Pond Asa	1 July '52
Andrews Polly	1 Jan '53	Freeman Phebe	1 July '53	Pope Sarah	1 July '53
Albright Rev J S	1 Jan '53	Groves Mrs A J	1 July '53	Pickett Sarah C	1 July '53
Austin Mrs A	1 Jan '53	Glasscock Mrs C	1 July '53	Parker Sarah	1 July '53
Allen Curtis	1 July '53	Gorton Joseph	1 Jan '53	Pascoe Jno	1 July '53
Archibald Mrs	1 July '53	Gould Hiram	1 July '53	Palmer Rev C	1 July '53
Abby Julia	1 July '53	Gove John	2 July '52	Pollock R	1 July '53
Abby Julia	1 July '53	Hubbard Maria	1 July '53	Rogers J	1 Jan '53
Allen Solomon	1 July '53	Hawley Wm	1 July '53	Ralston A	1 July '53
Brown Joseph	1 Jan '53	Horner Susan	1 July '53	Rodier Mrs M E	1 Jan '53
Brown Nathan	1 Jan '53	Hewett John	1 Jan '53	Roberts Mrs S	1 July '53
Biddle Abigail	1 Jan '53	Hearn Maria E	1 Jan '53	Rising Mrs S L	1 Jan '53
Bridge Martha	1 July '53	Ham Helen	1 July '53	Stone Hannah M	1 July '53
Brooks Mary C	1 July '53	Ham Mary	1 July '53	Stringfellow Mrs L	1 July '53
Benjamin Mrs G	1 July '53	Johnson Miss E N	1 July '53	Sturdivant Miss R	1 Jan '53
Batchelder Miss C	1 July '53	Judd C W	1 July '53	Syrus Mary L	1 Jan '53
Bentley Dr D E	1 July '53	Jones Marshall	2 July '53	Stoddard S K	1 Jan '53
Bliss Jane E	2 Jan '54	Knowles Prudence M	1 July '53	Stearns M W	1 July '53
Byrd Lemuel	1 July '53	Kidd Joseph	2 Jan '53	Scarborough E H	1 July '53
Burrows Mrs L	1 July '53	Leonard W W	1 July '53	Sykes Dr A J	1 July '53
Benton W H	1 July '56	Lee Abram	270 in full	Steed Jesse	1 July '53
Briggs Mrs Z	1 July '53	Lunt Rev W S	1 Jan '53	Selsor Geo	1 July '53
Barnard Asa	2 Jan '53	Leigh Van B	1 July '53	Seward W L	1 July '53
Baker L G	1 July '53	Leach Rev D D	1 July '53	Spencer S A	1 July '53
Beal Rufus	4 Jan '53	Leach Mrs Susan	1 Jan '53	Seaverns Thos	2 Jan '53
Babbitt Mary R	1 July '53	Laughlin Mrs F	1 July '53	Sherman Abby	1 July '53
Baker Sarah	13 in full	Lamb Mrs P G	1 July '53	Stowell R W	1 July '53
Case P W	2 July '53	Lum Sophia	1 July '53	Sing Rev C B	1 Jan '53
Clafin Lee	1 July '52	Morgan Miss D D	1 Jan '53	Stile Abigail	1 July '53
Collins D Jr	4 Jan '53	McGehee Israel	1 Jan '53	Towne Nancy	1 July '53
Colby Rev E K	1 Jan '53	Moss Rev J	1 July '53	Talbot Rev M J Jr	47 Jan '53
Crump A J	1 July '53	McFarland Rev W J	1 July '53	Thompson S S	1 July '53
Clark Harriet	1 Jan '53	Mason J F	1 July '53	Tolman Almira	1 July '53
Chambers H A	3 Jan '54	McNarry W H	1 July '53	Thomas J C	1 Jan '54
Cole J W	1 Jan '54	Moore J W	1 July '53	Tolman James	1 July '52
Crawford J A	2 Jan '53	McCowen Mrs E	1 July '53	Whitney Mrs S	1 July '53
Dent Joseph	1 July '53	Miller W G	1 July '53	Wilson Geo P	1
Deming J M	1 Jan '53	Massey Susan	1 July '53	Watson Harriet	1 July '53
Dobbins Ann M	1 July '53	Martin David E	1 Jan '53	Wheeler Mrs R	1 July '53
Davis Mrs C F	80 July '53	Munger S D	1 July '53	Whitney E A	1 Jan '52
Dosh J H C	2 Jan '54	Mitchell Mrs M	1 Jan '53	Wallace M C	1 July '53
Dyer John R	1 July '53	Newcomb Betsey	1 Jan '53	Wood M L	1 July '53
Dwight Ralph	1 July '53	Northrop D W	1 July '53	Wilde Jane B	5
Dewey D W	1 Jan '53	Nye Lucy A	1 July '53	Winn Emeline	1 July '53
Eastman Miss	1 July '53	O'Brien Mrs M L	2 July '53	Watkins Miss E	1 July '53
Estes E C	1 Jan '54	Otis Georgina	1 Jan '53	Webster Myra	1 July '53
Edwards H C	1 July '53	Prentice A L	1 Jan '54	Wise Rev T D	1 Jan '53
Eppes Sarah	1 July '53	Prather Mrs Z	2 July '53	Wiggins Mrs M	1 Jan '54
Farrington Miss S	18	Penly Betsey W	1 July '53	Whiting Hosea	1 Jan '53
Field Rev D	1 July '53	Prentice J	1 July '53	Yeigler C B	1 July '53
Fernald Mrs S	2 Jan '53	Pringle R H	1 July '53	York Rev W E	1 July '53

SEE THAT THE MONEY YOU SEND US IS DULY ACKNOWLEDGED.